And bene of rauenous Wolues yrent,
All for they would be burome and bent.

Hobbinoll.

Fye on thee Diggon, and all thy foule leasing,
Well is knowne that sith the Saxon king,
Neuer was Woolfe seene many nor some,
Nor in all Kent, nor in Chrisendome:
But the fewer Woolues (the soth to sayne,)
The more bene the Foxes that here remaine.

Diggon.

Yes, but they gang in more secrete wise,
And with sheepes clothing doen hem disguise,
They walke not widely as they were wont
For feare of raungers, and the great hunt:
But priuely prolling two and froe,
Enaunter they mought be inly knowe.

Hobbinol.

Or priue or pert yf any bene,
We han great Bandogs will teare their skinne.

Diggon.

Indeede thy ball is a bold bigge curre,
And could make a iolly hole in thorr furre.
But not good Dogges hem needeth to chace,
But heedy shepheards to discerne their face.
For all their craft is in their countenaunce,
The bene so graue and full of mayntenaunce.
But shall I tell thee what my selfe knowe,
Chaunced to Roffynn not long ygoe?

Hobbinol.

Say it out Diggon, what euer it bight,
For not but well mought him betight.
He is so meeke, wise, and merciable,
And with his word his worke is conuenable.
Colin clout I wene be his selfe boye,
(Ah for Colin he whilome my ioye)
Shepheards sich, God mought vs many send,
That doen so carefully their flocks tend.

Diggon.

Thilk same shepheard mought I we
He has a Dogge to byte or to barke,
Neuer had shepheard so kene a kurre
That waketh, and if but a leafe sturre
Whilome there wonned a wicked Wi
That with many a Lambe had glutte
And euer at night wont to repayre
Unto the flocke, when the Welkin sho
Yclad in clothing of seely sheepe,
When the good old man vsed to sleep
Tho at midnight he would barke and
(For he had eft learned a curres call
As if a Woolfe were emong the shee
With that the shepheard would breal
And send out Lowder (for so his dog
To raunge the fields with wide open
Tho when as Lowder was farre awa
This Woluish sheepe would catchen
A Lambe, or a Kidde, or a weanell w
With that to the wood would he spee
Long time he vsed this slippery pra
Ere Roffy could for his laboure him
At end the shepheard his practise sp
(For Roffy is wise, and as Argus e
And when at euen he came to the flo
Fast in theyr folds he did them locke
And tooke out the Woolfe in his cou
And let out the sheepes blood at his

Diggon.

Marry Diggon, what should him a
To take his owne where euer it laye
For had his weland bene a little wid
He would haue deuoured both hidde

Diggon.

Mischiefe light on him, and Gods gr
Too good for him had bene a great